

## WILL JAIL OPEN AND SHUT ON THE SUGAR KINGS?

## Must They Change from Life of Luxury to One of Prison Plainness?

EVERTON R. CHAPMAN, the Sugar Trust broker, is to exchange the luxuries which have surrounded him in New York for the prison quarters offered by the common jail in Washington.

If president is followed, Henry O. Havemeyer and John H. Searies, the Sugar Trust magnates who have admittedly fooled the public for years, will some time this month be ordered to take up a residence in the same quarters and for the same offense.

Their crime is refusing to answer the questions of a committee of the United States Senate.

This is the first time in the history of the American nation that the representatives of a huge money power have been brought to the point of paying the penalty of ignoring the wishes of the people in the person of their chosen representatives.

It is the first time that the power of the people has proved greater than that of the money king.

Broker Chapman has occupied luxurious offices with the firm of Moore, & Schley, at No. 80 Broadway.

His home at No. 122 West Fifty-seventh street is furnished in luxurious fashion.

He is a member of several aristocratic New York clubs.

He has for years taken the air behind specimens of horseflesh which are among the finest that the Borough of Manhattan boasts.

He has also, be it understood, devoted a good portion of his time to the interests of the Sugar Trust—and greatly to the advantage of that institution, those who claim to know say.

One thing is certain—Broker Chapman has steadily added to his possessions and indulged with equal steadiness in those luxuries that most people hold make life worth living.

And now he is going to live in a common jail—just the same jail that keeps in safety the most common malefactor who transgresses the laws of Uncle Sam.

It will not remind him of the yachting trips he is in the habit of enjoying. Prison fare is never made up of the products of a French chef's skill, nor is it accompanied by sparkling quarts of champagne. There is a vast difference between the heated atmosphere of a prison and the cool breezes that drive through the Narrows and make life a pleasure of Sandy Hook.

But the presidential sugar witness for all that ought to have a rather jolly time for a prisoner for thirty days during which he will be confined in the United States jail at the Capital.

He will be treated like a gentleman, it is said, because the rules of the establishment are framed with the object of making the prisoners forget that they are



## A Look at the Way They Live Now and the Way They May Have to Soon.

mentioned Mr. Havemeyer will find it necessary to forego the service of his meals on Serres china.

If he enjoys the luxury of plain hotel crockery he will be fortunate, even though he is the president of the Sugar Trust, the greatest monopoly the United States ever.

He will also find it necessary to forego for a time the pleasure of a daily drive in the Park.

The Washington jail boasts of no such attachment.

Mr. Havemeyer will, under these circumstances, have his office hours fixed by the Sheriff, a different situation from that which has existed at No. 117 Wall street, where, sitting in his cozy office overlooking the East River, he has forced the public to await his pleasure, where he has made and perhaps unmade the fortunes of others by a scratch of the pen.

Mr. Havemeyer has a palatial Summer home at Stamford, Conn. The probabilities are he will postpone taking up his residence there for some time. It would be a long journey from Washington to Stamford every day. Jail life is not as pleasant as life in a Summer residence overlooking the Sound.

But sometimes people are the creatures of circumstances.

It may be he is about to experience a new sensation. Should John E. Searies, secretary of the Sugar Trust, John Broker Chapman, the charge from his luxurious home at No. 510 St. Mark's avenue, Brooklyn, may be trying to his nerves. It is a good many years since Mr. Searies has lived after the fashion of those whose means are limited. It is almost a startling change from the elegance of St. Mark's avenue to the stone apartments of the Washington jail, where no servants await the call of electric bells and where the Sugar Trust can force no one to either sell or cease doing business. Mr. Searies told the Senate Committee that he firmly believed in the principle: "Blessed is he who expects nothing, for verily he shall not be disappointed."

Mr. Searies is credited with owning the greatest estate in Massachusetts. It is at Buzzard's Bay, and there he has been in the habit of catching rattlesnakes and enjoying all the pleasures the Summer brought to the President of the United States. This Summer, Mr. Searies may also enjoy a pleasure in common with the President—a residence in Washington, but it will not be at the White House.

Altogether the Summer outlook for the Sugar Trust manipulators is rather warm. The Washington jail does not compare favorably as a Summer resort with either Little Neck, Stamford or Buzzard's Bay.

One Side  
of a  
"Sugar" Man's  
Life  
When  
Everything  
Is Summer  
and Smooth  
Sailing.



Above Is  
the  
Reverse  
of  
the  
Picture.

SEARLES, HAVEMEYER, CHAPMAN.

occupies the middle part of the building. No labor of any description is enforced.

Dinner is served at 3 o'clock in the cells, like breakfast. It comprises a plentiful allowance of meat, soup, one vegetable and corn bread. Butter is never served at meals. Mr. Chapman will have the use of a pewter spoon and tin cup, the latter for water or coffee. Knives and forks are not

allowed. After dinner there is no other meal, and Mr. Chapman will be at liberty to entertain himself in any way he sees fit. Bedtime is at 8 p. m., and at that hour all lights are expected to be out.

If Mr. Chapman wants books he may borrow them from the prison library. In all respects his comfort will be looked after, and everything will be done to make him

feel in the future that his thirty days' incarceration in the Washington jail is to be looked back upon rather as a cheerful episode than otherwise.

The Washington jail, in which Broker Chapman and probably Messrs. Havemeyer and Searies will spend a portion of their Summer vacations, is not at all like the places at Little Neck, L. I., Stamford,

Conn., and Buzzard's Bay, Mass., where they expected to enjoy their leisure.

This is the season when the rich man is thinking of moving to his Summer home.

Broker Chapman has a very pleasant one at Little Neck, L. I. He was paying particular attention to it until a few days ago, but with a thirty-day jail sentence staring one in the face a Summer home loses present interest. Instead of enjoying the pleasures that Summer existence on Long Island offers, Broker Chapman will be gaining all the pleasures that being the guest of Washington's Sheriff affords. It is said by some persons that all his meals will be furnished him from a neighboring hotel. Perhaps, however, it may be necessary for him to accept the ordinary jail fare previously outlined, and the contrast between that and the viands Delmonico furnishes is very great.

Henry O. Havemeyer's New York residence is at No. 1 East Sixty-sixth street.

From his windows he enjoys the pleasant prospect which Central Park affords. The prospect which the Washington jail affords is a marked difference between the sumptuous butler who ushers Mr. Havemeyer into his residence when he returns from business in the evening and the turnkey who acts as usher into the building in which Mr. Havemeyer may be required to reside in Washington for a period of thirty days or longer.

The chances are that during the time

from simple pieces of wood skilfully inlaid. The most ingenious arrangement of all is a sliding door, by which the whole side of the "house" can be opened. The doors slide to one side, and finally come completely off the runners. They can be taken off and laid under the cart or used for tables under the trees.

Olson will travel with three horses, often resting one by hitching it to the back of the cart. At other times, when he wishes to put on speed, he harnesses all three and goes at a spanking pace across the country. His ordinary gait is about twenty miles a day, but when the weather is fine and the roads good he will get up to thirty or forty miles. He drives—as he lives—exactly as pleasures him.

When the wagon is closed it does not look like any other wagon. It is longer and broader, and there is an air of mystery about its curtained windows. At first you think it is a circus wagon provided by a philanthropic circus proprietor who gives his menagerie a chance to see the country. Then you think it is a horse boat on wheels. But after a while you give it up and go closer to read the inscription. It is upon a door plate—a plain piece of pine carved by hand—and it reads:

Jonathan Olson—Round the World. The wagon is heavily built and finished with the best of wheels and axles.

## A HOUSE ON WHEELS.

Curious Vehicle in Which Jonathan Olson Will Go Around the World.

An ingenious citizen of Altoona, Pa., has built an elaborate wagon for himself and family, in which he proposes to make a trip around the world. His name is Jonathan Olson, and he intends to start on his long journey this Spring and to finish it possible by the first of June, 1899.

He will first go to Illinois, and then strike south to Texas. Voyaging across the Gulf of Mexico to South America, he will take a steamer thence to Spain. From this point, the American travelers will start on their long wagon trip.

In fitting out his house on wheels Olson has shown rare taste. He has finished the inside in polished maple, and has adorned it with hand carvings of his own design. In the course of an eccentric life he has picked up many beautiful pieces of bric-a-brac, which he now turns to the adornment of his wagon-house.

The interior of the house, besides having three rooms, is well conceived in point of convenience. In one room the family cook, and in bad weather they dine there also. But the dining room is out of doors when the wagon can be pulled up in a pleasant place. Five days out of the week there is a hall, where the cloth can be spread under the trees and a good cool drink obtained from a spring.

The second room has a couch and small table. This table can be used for a breakfast tray or it can be cleared at night and used for parlor games. It also does duty as writing table, or for books and a smoking set.

On one side of the room there is a dressing table that takes up the entire wall. It has twenty drawers, a broad shelf and a mirror with shelves overhead. Here the entire Winter and Summer wardrobe is stored.

In pleasant weather there is no sleeping done in the house. Hammocks are slung under trees and the family "camps out."

Whenever possible the stop is made under pine trees, for the pine smell and soft bough tips serve as a bedding. A fire is kindled to serve for warmth, for cooking in the morning, and to keep away prowling animals.

The third room is a general store room. Here the hammocks are kept, and here chairs are stored and tables piled up. Anything that is wanted can be brought from the storeroom at a minute's notice. There is one chest devoted to dress goods, calicoes, bustings, denim and useful articles for wear and for fancy work. The wagon can stop at a town any time to replenish supplies, but the owner plans it so carefully that, except for food, there need be no halt for a month at a time.

Provisions are purchased of the farmers, who, it is expected, will supply butter, eggs, vegetables and chickens cheap in return for the privilege of looking through the novel house.

The kitchen is one of the best rooms of all, for it is arranged ship-shape. Cans are hung from hooks and plates set in little grooves. Buns are on the walls, and everything is polished bright.

The floors are plain boards, laid nicely and oiled, so that the rooms look as neat as those in any house. The "cabin" or living room has the look of a stateroom on a yacht, and this effect is heightened by some very clever wall decorations made

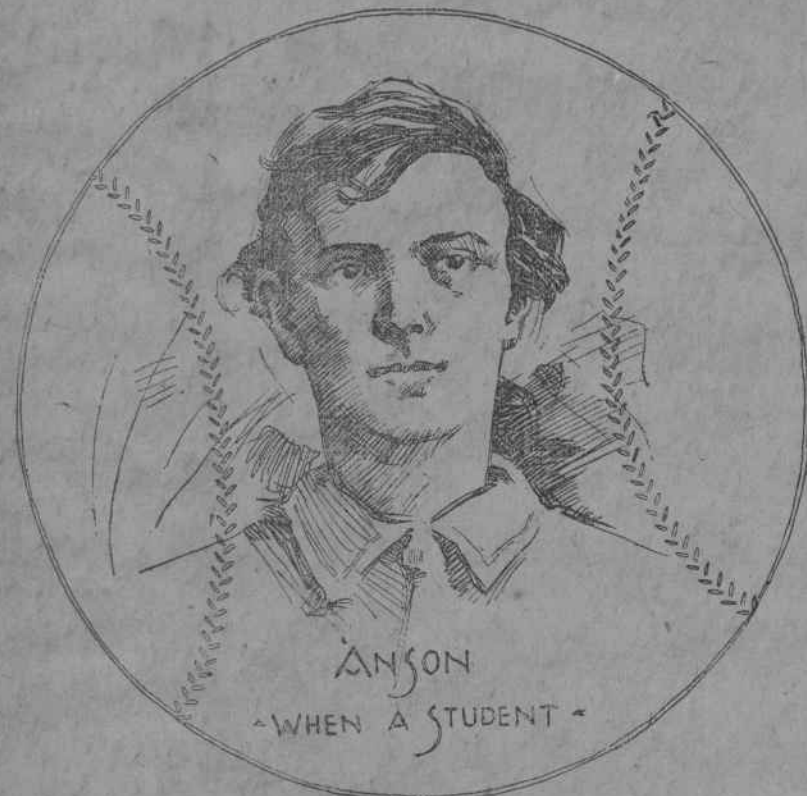
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"Baby" Anson as He Looked When He Was a Baby at the Game.

## ANSON'S FIRST BALL GAME.

Where the Old War Horse of the Diamond Learned the Art of Ball Tossing.

There isn't a baseball crack in the country who does not know Captain Adrian C. Anson, of the Chicago club, but scarcely one of them knows when or where he learned the game and graduated to be one of the greatest players of the last three decades. One crack recently remarked that "Pop" Anson was old enough to take a benefit and retire, but that crack probably didn't know that the old ball catcher has been making money just as steadily and regularly as he has been playing the great American game. And he has saved his money until now he controls a large slice of the stock of the Chicago club, with which he plays, besides a small stack of railroad and United States bonds and the one-thousand-dollar denomination and a few deeds to several pieces of desirable Chicago and Western real estate. If that same crack will think again he may realize the affliction with which Mr. Anson is affected

which has kept him playing ball for over thirty years.

A thirty years' active record on the ball field is almost as rare as fried ice, and Anson to-day is about the only one of the old brigade who could better afford to give up the game than to continue in it.

Anson got his first lessons in baseball at the Notre Dame (Ind.) University in 1867. He entered the college during the latter part of 1866 when fourteen years old, consequently he is now forty-five years old.

In those days Anson was considered as good a student as he was a ball player and vice versa. The records of the college show that he was accustomed to receive liberal advances of cash frequently. This gave him a little more prestige than his college mates thought he would have obtained otherwise. He joined the college team during his first year at Notre Dame, and although he was an active player in any capacity or position, no one ever thought there was enough brilliancy in any of his plays to warrant his ever attaining the position he has occupied for nearly two decades. During his infancy at the game he was always quick to take advantage of any point he could, but he excelled all the other players in yelling and arguing, whether occasion demanded it or not. He would kick and growl over questions that would arise in those days just as actively as he does to-day, and nobody denies his title now to being the champion "kicker." Outside of the game Anson was one of the most pleasant and agreeable students at the college, but when engaged in a battle on the diamond all his energy was exerted to secure victory for his team, and judicious kicking is a part of the game. Baseball games were then almost exclusively local exhibitions, the



The Little Cottage Cab in Which the Owner and His Wife Will Go Around the World.